

MAY 1937

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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May, 1937

No. 5

Road Accidents to Dogs—Hints to Motorists—General Advice to Motorists and Dog Owners — When Accidents Occur — Legal Proceedings—Some of the subjects of a new leaflet for free distribution just published by the M. S. P. C. A. A postal will bring you a copy.

In a former issue of *Our Dumb Animals* we spoke of the practically incredible indifference of the citizens of Tulsa, Oklahoma, to the work of the little group of struggling men and women who were trying to do something for the relief of animal suffering in that city. We are glad to learn that at least the *Tulsa World* has proved itself most generous and helpful in backing up these champions of the unfortunate animals. May the *Tulsa World* continue its good work!

"Prince," a police dog, aroused the family at 308 Mary Street, Utica, N. Y., by his lusty barking and saved four persons from possible death when flames broke out in the house at 1:30 in the morning of March 8. Safe to say that Prince will not suffer "debarking" at the hands of his present owners.

The Royal S. P. C. A. of Sydney, Australia, announced the celebration of Humane Sunday there on March 7, with Be Kind to Animals Week immediately following.

An English humane society is now purchasing the hundreds of surviving British war horses which, although pitifully enfeebled, are still being worked on the farms of Belgium and France, says the *Readers' Digest*. These animals, left behind in 1918, are being returned to England to live the rest of their days in idleness.

In making your will, please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Send to the office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for free copy of report for 1936.

From Flooded Louisville

THE following letter will be of special interest to those of our readers who through our Society sent their gifts to Louisville.

Louisville, Ky.
February 25, 1937

Dr. Francis Rowley
c/o Massachusetts Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
170-184 Longwood Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Dr. Rowley:

The Kentucky Humane Society wishes to thank you for your kindly contribution to be used in the work of protecting dumb animals from the ravages of the recent flood.

We have been besieged with calls from owners of cattle, hogs, and horses who have no means of feeding or caring for their stock.

Our agent, Mr. A. L. Martin, an experienced worker, has attended to these calls and has diligently searched the surrounding country for suffering animals which were not reported to us.

You can see that the added expense of providing this relief has been very great and your unselfish donation and that of anonymous friends has alleviated much suffering during the emergency.

May we ask your continued interest in this great work.

Sincerely,
FLORENCE W. WALKER,
Sec'y and Treas.

We wish we could add to the above letter of acknowledgment the long and beautiful letter sent us by Mrs. J. B. Speed, president of the Humane Society. There is probably no resident of Louisville more highly regarded and loved by the people of that city than Mrs. Speed. The story she tells of the suffering both of people and of animals is pitiful, but she also says, "But fright, misery and ruin have been met with splendid courage, fine organization and co-operation

and the most marvelous and generous help from outside, including your own and your Society's and friends' splendid assistance."

There is a touch of humor in Mrs. Speed's letter which is really worth repeating. She says, "To the little Red Cross Hospital where the National Red Cross established a station there was brought a member of the Board of the Red Cross from her house which had been in five feet of water. She had been rescued by boat and taken to a place already full but where she managed to get a chair and where she slept for four nights wrapped in a blanket, no heat, no light, no water. When she was finally taken into the little Red Cross hospital, warmed and fed and put on a cot she just stretched out beatifically and said, 'The Lord is my shepherd, and I don't want nothin'.'" It seems that Psalm is repeated always at a meeting of the Board.

Ten Billions for Arms

National Totals—1936

Russia	\$2,963,000,000
Germany	\$2,600,000,000
United States	\$964,000,000
Italy	\$870,000,000
Great Britain	\$846,900,000
France	\$716,000,000
Japan	\$307,000,000

World Total—1932-1936

1932	\$3,815,000,000
1933	\$3,992,000,000
1934	\$5,064,000,000
1935	\$8,810,000,000
1936	\$10,730,000,000

(Foreign Policy Association Figures)

Every human being looks up to the birds, writes Donald Culross Peattie in "Singing in the Wilderness." They suit the fancy of us all. What they feel they can voice, as we try to; they court and nest, they battle with the elements, they are torn by two opposing impulses, a love of home and a passion for far places. Only with birds do we share so much emotion.

Trap-Line Tragedies

MINA M. TITUS

*A "spring pole's" low-bent sapling flips
Then mangled in its snare
A beaver, weighed with unborn young,
Hangs moaning, helpless there.*

*Beside the marsh grass' roof of ice
A trapped mink gnaws and gnaws
Through swollen flesh and shattered bone
To freedom from steel jaws.*

*Wee, anguished, suffering ball of fur,
He crawls off through the night
On two good paws, two bleeding stumps . . .
O piteous, tragic sight!*

*Beneath a deep wood's canopy,
Where lacing branches rub,
A mother bear stands by to nurse
Her trapped and crying cub.*

Watching a Trained Dog

To Our Dumb Animals:

RECENTLY, here in Washington, at a well-known theater, I attended a vaudeville performance. During the evening, a man appeared on the program with a trained dog. A beautiful sleek brown creature of undetermined breed, somewhat like a police dog, but much smaller.

I have always been averse to exploiting trained animals, but this, without doubt, was the most heart-breaking performance I ever saw. The man appeared first, then upon the stage came a woman clad in evening gown and a long velvet cape with a brown fur collar draped about her neck. Both hands were raised, clasping the fur loosely as it dangled limply like the typical fur neckpiece. The man then approached and removed the neckpiece and, to my horror, it was a dog! Then began the so-called performance. The dog had been so cowed into submission to that man's will that it was like watching one of those distressing exhibitions of hypnotism where even a human being is made almost inhuman and is left spent and exhausted. The dog was made to go as limp and lifeless as a dead dog; was bent double, in which position he remained while his master accepted the applause of the audience. Then the animal was pulled slowly off the table until only his head remained at the chin, the dog clinging on thus and giving no sign of life; then he was laid back on the table and placed in torturing positions by the deft turn of the man's hand and he remained

in that position until the hand made another change. There was much more of the "dead dog" performance. Then came the usual tricks of holding the dog aloft, standing and balancing himself on his front paws on the hands of the man.

During all this, a glaring spot-light was focused on the helpless animal. A great applause came at the end, and the pair returned, the dog obviously too tired to move, so slowly he walked back into that merciless light. Then he was made to jump rope. I thought of the long torturing hours that little fellow must have endured, while there we sat, we humans, laughing, applauding, asking for more. I felt ashamed and degraded. Is there no law to prevent such cruel exhibitions? If not, it is high time something was done about it.

MRS. G. C. GARDNER

1900 H St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Co-operation Among Animals

DORIS BALTES

THE war of tooth and claw and "the survival of the fit" are man-made phrases that have served sometimes to justify man's own competitive existence. But there is another side to animal life from which a more profitable and humane lesson may be learned. That is the co-operation and mutual aid practised among the animals.

The community life of the honey-gathering bee, the co-operation around a busy ant colony, and the mutual aid among the village-building beavers, are fairly well known, but there are many other types of animal life in which mutual aid is highly in evidence. Who has watched a wedge-shaped flock of birds migrating northward or southward and not been impressed with its perfect example of co-operation? Who, having heard the cry of the lone bird lost from the flock on the way, has not sensed its helplessness? And there are reports from many naturalists of flocks turning back to pick up the lost bird. That seems

to be mutual aid in the highest degree known among the lower animals.

Reindeers of the north travel in great herds for mutual protection; wild horses and buffaloes that once ranged our western plains did the same; prairie dogs lived together in communities, warning each other by shrill cries at the approach of enemies; Rocky Mountain sheep herd in small bands, posting sentinels while they rest or feed; vast assemblages of sea birds combine to drive off hawks and eagles, and in the lonely spaces they occupy on islands far out at sea or on rocky coast lands, we seem to see in these assemblages also a protection against loneliness. One could go on naming examples of co-operation almost endlessly among birds, fishes, insects, mammals; in fact there is hardly an animal that does not show some degree of mutual aid among its own type.

It is between different types of animals that the war of tooth and claw exists, and then it seems not to be merely for the sake of killing but rather as a means of existence. We see co-operation then in the aggression of one type against another. Pelicans have been watched, fishing by forming a wide half-circle facing the shore and narrowing it as they paddled toward land, catching the fish they thus enclosed; other animals band together for mutual aggression, even the wolves hunting in packs.

There are, of course, instances of fighting among types: buck deers have fought to the death over a doe, and we have seen roosters fight and occasionally a pair of horses that will not team together, but on the whole there seems to be less disharmony between the lower animals of the same type than between man and man.

It is especially to be noted that those types of animals which have co-operated in the highest degree are most successful in the struggle for existence. Although the ant is one of the most defenseless of creatures, it is one of the most numerous and widespread geographically. It lives by busy co-operation with its fellow ant, not by war among its own kind.

"Blessed are the merciful."



THREE OF THE McCLEERY PACK OF THIRTY-ONE, ONLY LOBO (BUFFALO) WOLVES IN THE WORLD, KANE, PA.

Photo by Nicolas

Courtesy Pennsylvania Outdoors

Read Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry," mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, 75 cents. The Jack London Club is built on it. The present membership is 681,399, all pledged to do everything possible to stop the cruelty attendant upon trick animal stage performances. Will you join it? No dues. Write for full information to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Prodigal

GEORGE FOXHALL in Worcester Sunday
Telegram

Why do you run away?
You don't behave like that at home
When garden gates are shut; or in the
house!
You come at once when called, or, let us
say,
Almost at once. I must admit you seem
Sometimes to close those dainty ears of
yours
Until some foolish sniffing has been done,
But then with sudden turn you leap and
run
Towards me just as if you'd made me think
Your haste as eager as my first command.
And your belated virtue wins applause
By well-timed disobedience broken off
With seeming gladness. I should be more
stern,
And try to scold you to some sense of
shame,
But your brown eyes hold such hypnotic
love,
And I'm ashamed of making you ashamed
When, obviously, you think you've done so
well.
Well, let us say you do quite well. Excuse
Is that much less, when, through an open
gate
You win a freedom dangerous to your life,
And will not come no matter how I call.
And when I follow you, you lope and sneak,
Yes, sneak, around the houses and the
lawns,
And when you see me, off you go again,
The glare of wilful freedom in your eyes,
To vent a vagrant mood in swamp and
woods
Hunting, no doubt, for queer, malodorous
things
Far, far beneath you in the social scale.
You! Daughter of a line of royal blood!
I wish you knew how you embarrass me.

You know I worry when you run away;
Lest you be caught in trap, or mangled by
Some roaring juggernaut you fail to see.
Sometimes I think that when you do return
I'll whip the vagrant out of you, and win
Obedience through fear. But when you
come,
Hours later, to my listening, perhaps in
dark
Of night or storm, you're just my little
dog;
Drooping with weariness and some re-
morse,
And loaded with the absolute of dirt
Which boasts its presence with amazing
smells
That many waters presently must cleanse.
And when I stoop to lift you gingerly,
A little leap launches you in my arms,
And dirt and smells hug close up to my
breast,
And all your deep, wild places are forgot
Near the close comfort of my thankful
heart.

"It's all right to talk about hitching your
wagon to a star."

"Well?"

"But the question now is—where can a
fellow park an automobile?"

—R. S. P. C. A. Journal

"Greyfriars' Bobby"

THIS letter came from former Governor
Baxter of Maine to President Rowley,
last March:

Dear Doctor Rowley:—

I know that you are familiar with the
story of the little Scotch dog, "Greyfriars'
Bobby," who for fourteen long years stood
watch over his master's grave in an Edin-
burgh cemetery. Perhaps, however, *Our
Dumb Animals* has not published a picture
of the monument erected to the memory of
this devoted dog, and it gives me pleasure
to enclose one to you which I purchased here
in Edinburgh today.

Your readers, I am sure, will be interested
to see this picture, and to read the inscrip-
tion on the base of the monument. As a
matter of fact I came to Edinburgh from
London more so that I could see for myself
this tribute to a dog, than for any other
reason.

You recall that when Queen Victoria
heard the story of Greyfriars' Bobby she
herself contributed toward the erection of
the memorial. The story is in book form,
and no lover of animals can read it without
being deeply moved.

I hope you are well and send my kind
regards. Faithfully,

PERCIVAL P. BAXTER

The dragon fly is harmless. It is, in fact,
beneficial in that it eats a great many
mosquitoes.



MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN TO "GREYFRIARS'
BOBBY" NEAR GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD,
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND

Working Dogs in Ireland

KADRA MAYSI

THE first thing I noticed about the
dogs of Ireland was an unusual gravi-
ty—a sort of grown-up-ness—which I do
not, as a rule, notice about the average
dog in America. They seemed kindly—
friendly—merry—but they had an air of
responsibility and purpose. People who do
not know or love animals may laugh at my
statement: but, since I am writing for
people who both love and understand them,
I think I can risk it. I noticed a distinct
psychological difference between the average
dog of the Irish country home and the dog
of the same class in America.

What caused this difference? My curi-
osity was aroused. Was it an Old World
sedateness and weariness—a sophistication
acquired from masters belonging to an
ancient land—as compared to the more
youthful and careless mentality of a New
World?

I could not figure it out as such. The
Irish are a happy-go-lucky race. Although
there is much poverty in the Free State
and men and women labor for a living, they
retain both joy and wit. It stood to reason
that the workingman's dog—to whom his
master is a deity—should retain gaiety too.
He did retain it. He barked and bounced
and licked the hand of myself, the visitor.
But—he was a dog with a mission in life.
He was not merely a pet.

I had it! Of course he was not merely
a pet. Of course he had a mission in life.

These dogs I was seeing in
the homes of workingmen
were *working dogs*. The sheep
dogs had their trade and had
their pride in doing it well.
At some farms where there
were no sheep, the collies,
airedales, or terriers drove
cattle, goats, farm horses and
donkeys to and from pasture.
Sitting on a hill upon the
Dingle peninsula, I saw an
old peasant come out of his
hut and whistle to a rough-
haired terrier. The dog ran
up the hill, leaped several
stone walls, separated an old
work-horse from two cows
and gravely brought them
down, in turn, to the farm-
yard.

Of course I had realized
that the trained sheep dog of
the sheep owner managed the
flock; but I had not realized
that the household dog, of
any breed, belonging to a
poor family, had its share in
the family work. I saw this
repeatedly demonstrated—
saw dogs drive poultry as
well as cattle and pigs—saw
them guard children and
carry packages.

A few miles out of Dingle
—one of the wildest and most
poverty-stricken, although
most beautiful and interest-
ing parts of Ireland—I noticed
a guard leaning from
the train with a rolled news-

paper in his hand. As we passed the turf cottage of a tiny farm, a large black dog rushed down the lane to the railway track. For a few yards he ran parallel to the running coach—then the guard tossed the roll of paper. The dog leaped high in the air, caught the paper, spun around, and tore back to the little hut. The guard told me that it was a daily occurrence, that the dog regularly came the quarter mile from house to track and carried the newspaper to his master.

Several times, while riding on motor-buses through northern Ireland, I saw conductors either throw or get out and deposit mail, papers, and packages, and saw dogs—of different breeds—come and pick them up and carry them to houses or hotels.

Ireland is, of course, full of handsome dogs: of blue ribbon wolfhounds, foxhounds, spaniels, terriers, racing greyhounds, and other breeds. They are the dogs of the rich—dogs kept for showing, hunting, racing. They correspond to such dogs in America and in other lands.

But, as regards the dog of the poor or middle-class family, I noticed a distinct difference in attitude and behavior—the gravity and purposefulness of which I spoke. And I believe it to be caused by the fact that such a dog—as a rule—knows that he has his work in life and takes from it a sober pride and a sense of responsibility.

The Greatest Singer

BENNETT B. SMITH

DO you realize that birds and man are the only creatures in the whole world that sing? In the throat of nearly every bird is a little music-box, very small, that produces such glorious music.

And the mocking-bird is the most remarkable of all. This noble fellow that was hatched just a few months ago perches on a near-by branch and pours forth beautiful song and imitations. In his throat he carries a tiny music-box the size of a finger tip that is the most remarkable music-box ever created.

This bird may sing in many places—a thicket, in the common branches of a tree, or in the topmost boughs. Its greatest song, though, is the dropping song. This song comes at the height of the mating season and is not often witnessed by many. The first notes are sounded in the top of a tree with the wings extended and fluttering. Then, with the body all atremble, it pours forth note after note until, unable to stay in its place, it springs into the air. From this place it falls from limb to limb, carelessly clinging a few seconds, and finally drops to the ground beneath the tree, exhausted.

During the nesting season, the male goes in for a full day of singing. He sings from the tallest tree, the housetop, or on the wing, an ecstasy of joy.

The mocking-bird belongs to a group that is closely related to the thrushes and of which the catbird is a member. These three are sometimes confused in appearance or in song. In appearance there is no resemblance between the catbird and the other two. In song they are much the same and it is a pity that a bird with so pretty a voice should be named from the occasional cry that resembles that of the mew of a cat. The song



AN ANIMATED MUSIC-BOX

of the mocker is a little more refined, however, a little fuller of loveliness.

The brown thrasher and the mocking-bird are almost the same size and their song is almost the same but their colors are different. The thrasher is of a reddish-brown with the underparts of a buffy-white, barred in black. The mocker is of a grayish-white with some white bars on the wings.

The mocking-bird belongs to America and is not found on the eastern hemisphere. Its present range is from the Gulf of Mexico to Washington, D. C., but it is extending this range. A few years ago it was not found this far north. It does not stand extreme weather, however, and may not go much further than the nation's capital.

But the bird thrives best in the South where it is no respecter of persons and builds near the most humble cabin or the most stately mansion.

There is something of carelessness in the building of the nest. Built as it is in the hedge or thicket, it is easy of access for cats and other enemies. The nest is of rough sticks as a base, with strings, horsehair, and bark as a lining. Into this the four or five bluish eggs, blotched with brown, are laid. During the nesting season, the mocker is a fighter and will attack any enemy regardless of size, including man.

In rural districts where the barn owl is either very scarce or is not found at all it would prove a distinct benefit to import a few pairs and protect them by efficient legislation, writes R. W. Shufeldt. They would be a terror to all rats, field mice and pocket gophers of the country all round, and they would keep the latter down to a minimum at all times of the year. Every time we slay a barn owl we give a lease of life to vermin to spread disease.

Interview with a Wood Thrush

STANLEY B. WILSON

THERE he was, hopping about on patches of soil that showed through slowly melting snow. And because I remembered reading that the wood thrush is seldom seen near any human habitation, this seemed to me a splendid opportunity for interviewing such a shy bird. I drew out my notebook and pencil and began to shower questions through the window.

This fall of snow had come late in May, after many of the leaves were out. Little dots of delicate green showed like a network through the snow-laden boughs, making the forest beautiful. But the wild animals and birds had great difficulty in finding food. Just beside the house was the only open spot where the sun, trying to struggle through deep clouds, had thawed the snow sufficiently for a couple of robins and my thrush to hunt diligently for worms.

"Are you really the largest member of the thrush family?" I asked my unusual visitor.

I had already noticed that he was more than eight inches long. The bird turned to get a look at the interviewer, and I saw there was snow on his stubby tail.

"You must indeed be hungry to come so close to the house," I remarked. "Are worms your regular food? The book says you're related distantly to the robins. And they love worms, so I suppose—"

Just then a thought occurred to me.

"Was it you who, last summer, used to sing at dawn every day, and shortly before dark in the evenings?"

When the bird glanced at the window with his large bright eye I could distinguish black spots on his white breast, in contrast to his prominent brown head and yellowish back. I remembered how in July I had tried to discover the songster, following his clear notes through the woods, creeping noiselessly from tree to tree so that I might get a glimpse of him. But as the wood thrush is somewhat of a ventriloquist, I never caught up with the music.

"Is it true that your song is the finest of any of the thrushes?"

The wood thrush must have seen my nose flattened against the pane and thought I was too inquisitive. Like many other celebrities, he objected to being interviewed. At that moment he hopped on to the sawhorse, rested an instant, and flew far into the forest.

Sorrowfully, I looked at my blank pages. What a story I could make of this interview if I had only remembered to write down all his answers to my questions!

The Wisconsin Federation of Humane Societies, of which Professor Leo P. Schleck is president, held an all-day meeting in Madison on April 3. Among the speakers from outside the state were Dr. Wesley A. Young of the Chicago Anti-Cruelty Society and Eric H. Hansen, managing director of the Missouri Humane Society, St. Louis.

Joyful Shooting

GEORGE A. MAURER

*I love to shoot both bird and beast,
The wild kind and the tame;
And never do I feel the least
Of guilt, remorse or shame.*

*The pheasant and the partridge, yes,
The blackcock, grouse and duck;
But not content on this "game" class
Am I to try my luck.*

*The brown thrush in the bushes low,
The blue jay in a tree,
The whip-poor-will, the big black crow,
The loon and chickadee;*

*The cardinal of brilliant hue,
The robin red of breast,
The oriole and starling, too,
The magpie full of zest;*

*The rabbit, he of lengthy ear,
Alert as he can be;
The fawn, the doe or antlered deer
(What matters which to me?);*

*The rooster at his morning call,
The dog, cat, cow or horse;
I love to shoot them, one and all—
With camera, of course!*

Now that the birds can find their own
food, let us not forget to extend to them
our best protection.

A Great Bird Sanctuary

Everybody knows of the wonderful bird refuge conducted by Jack Miner, a picture of which we present on this page. "It is no exaggeration to say that the sanctuary of Jack Miner at Kingsville is world famous," says the *Toronto Globe*. From all quarters of this continent and from the lands beyond the sea visitors each year make a pilgrimage to this shrine to view a work the fame of which has traveled far and wide. Mr. Miner is today one of the great naturalists of the world, and has been the means of instilling in countless young hearts a deep and lasting love of birds and all the wild things of nature. If you wish to learn more of this marvelous work, write for a free 16-page booklet, well illustrated, which gives full explanation, to The Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation, Inc., Kingsville, Ontario, Canada.

Our Butcher Birds

ALVIN M. PETERSON

ONE birds about the size of the robin are often seen in country districts in the spring, perched on posts, poles, wires, and the bare branches of trees. The birds have gray backs, white underparts, black bars on the sides of their heads, and their wings are black but brightened with white. They have hooked beaks and may at once be identified as shrikes or butcher birds, of which we have two rather common species, the northern and loggerhead shrikes.

Shrikes resemble the mockingbird in some ways, or at least may be mistaken for mockingbirds if seen hazily or from a distance. Both have gray, black and white plumage, and both have white about their wings and tails, where it shows up best when they are flying. However, the mockingbird is darker on the back and underneath than the shrike, it lacks the black bar on the face, and its head and beak resemble those of its cousin, the catbird.

A shrike also may easily be known by its manner of flying, for there is a characteristic weaving of black and white caused by the moving wings, much like that noticed when mockingbirds and rose-breasted grosbeaks fly. First the white shows, then it does not. The shrike flaps its wings, then holds them still for a moment, as if resting, then flaps them again. It usually flies near the ground, but when it wishes to stop, it bounds quickly upward and perches much farther from the ground than you expect it to.

Shrikes live on insects, beetles, mice, small birds and other similar foods, being known as butcher birds because of their fondness for all kinds of meat, both fresh and cured. They are thrifty birds and often store food for future use, in this being like the nuthatch, blue jay, red-headed woodpecker and some other birds. Birds, mice, insects and other small creatures are caught, killed and then hidden behind splinters, in cracks and crevices, or impaled on thorns and barbs. If you have ever found a bird, mouse or large insect wedged in a crotch, tucked behind a splinter or impaled on a barb, you no doubt have seen a shrike's butcher shop or larder.

The northern shrike nests far to the north of us, and is only to be seen in the autumn, winter and early spring, since it then visits the United States. It is slightly

larger than the loggerhead shrike, has the same black, gray and white plumage and hooked beak, but also has indistinct wavy bars on its breast. The loggerhead shrike winters in the South, but nests as far north as southern Canada. As a rule, the shrikes we see during the colder months of the year are northern shrikes, and those we see during the warmer months are loggerhead shrikes, unless we live along the Gulf Coast, where the loggerhead winters.

Shrikes are considered cruel and destructive birds by many people, mainly because they kill small song birds. The fact that they sometimes impale the bodies of their little victims on thorns and barbs does not help their reputation any. Shrikes are cruel birds in a way, nevertheless it should be remembered that they kill other small creatures purely for food, and that they are on the whole useful birds because of the mice and insects they destroy. Though they sometimes take pretty and useful song birds, they also kill many English sparrows, which in many places are considered pests. Shrikes regularly prey on English sparrows in some places and are of help to us in reducing their numbers.

The writer was once walking along a railroad track, when he saw a shrike fly from the ground in a deep, marshy ravine. The bird flew just above the tops of the bushes, and then, in true shrike style, bounded upward and settled on the top of a telegraph pole. It was carrying something large, which proved to be a mouse. It had been mouse hunting in the ravine and had been successful in finding and catching one. Another time he saw a shrike take after a bluebird. The race was nip and tuck for a time, but the bluebird seemed to know what to do, for it turned sharply once and then almost immediately a second time and forced the shrike to give up the chase. The shrike flew to the top of a pole and thence resumed its search for insects, mice and birds, perhaps.

Shrikes build snug, warm nests for their eggs and little ones, making them mainly of twigs, rootlets, grass, string and feathers. The northern shrike is said to sing sweetly during its mating and nesting season. As a rule, however, shrikes are among the quietest of birds. You may see hundreds of them when they are migrating in the spring, but seldom, if ever, will you hear one make a sound. They are true hunters and find it of much help to keep close watch over their tongues.



ONE CORNER OF ONE OF THE PONDS ON THE JACK MINER BIRD SANCTUARY, KINGSVILLE, ONTARIO

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1937

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 300 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Misleading Propaganda

UNDER the heading, "Don't Worry over Horses in the Films," the New York *World-Telegram* prints an Associated Press dispatch from Hollywood whitewashing all films showing horses, including especially "The Charge of the Light Brigade." While the paragraphs about this film do not explicitly say that there was no cruelty to horses in its filming, the language is so chosen as to give that impression. The article concludes: "These trick horses are supplied chiefly by rental concerns. They are valuable animals—too expensive to get hurt." Yet reference to the court records of California, which are so soon forgot, will show where convictions were secured for cruelty to horses in filming that same "Charge of the Light Brigade." And efforts are now being made to have the California Legislature enact special laws to prevent the use of the device, known as "The Running W," which caused this cruelty. How little the public really knows about what happens when the original filming of these scenes with horses and other animals takes place! "Trader Horn," for instance, (we are told by Helen Trevelyan in her book, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!") "widely boosted as filmed in Africa, was only partially taken there. The big fight 'punches' were taken in Mexico beyond the jurisdiction of any U. S. A. humane society."

To Help Wild Life

Moving to conserve wild life in the nation's wilderness area, the office of Indian affairs has outlawed the traditional steel-jawed trap in the ECW predatory animal control program on Indian lands.

Commissioner John C. Collier said modernized and more humane traps employing a noose or a chain will be substituted, eliminating possibility of maiming or mangling trapped animals and insuring workers the opportunity to dispatch predators cleanly and surely.

The Indian service emphasized that the new system will be more practical as well as more humane. Under the outlawed system, it was impossible to trap predators without killing a large number of harmless and useful animals.

Bull-Fighting in Cuba

EFFORTS are being made to introduce bull-fighting into Cuba again. Readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will recall the heroic efforts of the late Mrs. Jeanette Ryder to stop illegal bull-fights in that country. Now it is sought to legalize them, the chief argument being that their absence keeps tourists from the United States from visiting the island. It has been announced in the press that a syndicate of Cuban and American sportsmen are ready to spend \$700,000 to provide means for a well-known American bull-fighter to appear in a Cuban ring. If you wish to help in preventing this atrocity, write to Dr. Arturo Illas, president of the Cuban Senate, Havana, Cuba, making it clear that the United States honors Cuba for the splendid stand it has taken for many years against bull-fighting, and that we of this country do not believe that a single tourist is being kept away from Cuba because of the fact that bull-fights are not permitted there. The return of the bull-fight to Cuba might prove to be an entering wedge for the introduction of this abomination in some state of the Union.

For Heroic Effort

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals awarded its medal to Ottilie H. Andrews, 817 Boston Street, Lynn, last month for attempting to rescue a horse from drowning. Young Andrews is attached to 1114th Company, C. C. C., at the Army Base in South Boston.

A two-horse truck hit a tieup at the edge of the wharf and one of the horses was hurled into the harbor. Andrews was standing nearby and without hesitation jumped in after the animal, which was being hampered by its harness.

Cutting away the harness, after a struggle of 20 minutes, during which he was in great danger of being drowned by the struggling animal, or at least seriously injured by its hoofs, Andrews climbed back to the wharf and went after a row-boat to tow the horse to safety. Meantime the police boat came to the scene and started to tow the animal to the South Boston shore. When it arrived the horse was dead from immersion.

Andrews' act was one of the bravest that has come to the Society's attention in recent years, and although he did not succeed in saving the horse, it was felt he richly deserved the medal.

The Springfield Branch Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will hold its annual June Day festivities on the estate of Mrs. Charles N. Denault, at 734 Longmeadow Street, Longmeadow, on Tuesday, June 8, for the benefit of the Society. There will be a dessert bridge, fashion show, organ recital, aesthetic dancing, and afternoon tea.

The hill was steep and the load heavy. The donkey did its best, but at last it stopped and would not budge another inch.

The driver saw a man passing. "Excuse me," he said, "but could you help me to get this load to the top of the hill? It's too much for one donkey." —*Montreal Star*

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

By His Excellency

CHARLES F. HURLEY

GOVERNOR

A PROCLAMATION

1937

Twenty-two years ago, at the instigation of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the first national Humane Sunday and Be Kind to Animals Week were observed. Since that time this annual event has become a national institution, proclaimed by Governors of many states and sponsored by Humane Societies in every part of our country. It is designed to call special attention to the claims of the animal world upon us for kindness, justice and mercy. It is accomplishing its purpose through three distinct channels, the school, the press, and the church. It especially stresses Humane Education which is the awakening and fostering, particularly in the mind of the child, of those principles of justice, fair play, and kindness toward every form of life, human and sub-human, capable of suffering, without which there can be no character worthy of citizenship in a free state.

This year, Sunday, April 11, is designated as "Humane Sunday," and the week beginning April 12 as "Be Kind to Animals Week."

Therefore I, Charles F. Hurley, Governor of Massachusetts, do hereby set aside the week of April 12 to April 17 as

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

During this week, I urge the people of this Commonwealth, and particularly religious, educational and public leaders, to give special thought during this period to the needs and care of our animal friends, in the spirit of Coleridge's lines:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small."

I especially urge that Humane Day in Schools, either on Friday, April 16, or the nearest convenient date, be observed throughout the Commonwealth by holding special exercises in behalf of kindness to animals.

CHARLES F. HURLEY

Humane Slaughter of Pigs

Both the Ulster and Scottish S.P.C.A.'s are at present agitating for amending legislation to extend the enforcement of mechanical stunning to pigs. In Scotland the four Societies for P.C.A. compiled statistics which form the basis of a joint Memorial by the Societies to the Secretary of State for Scotland. The Memorial, which will be lodged at an early date, shows that, of 215,000 pigs (the approximate number slaughtered in Scotland annually in the 400 slaughter-houses in which pigs are slaughtered), humane methods of mechanical stunning of swine are already voluntarily in use in 270 slaughter-houses for 169,000 pigs (i.e. 80 per cent. of the total number.)

—*The International Journal*

Full reports of the Humane Sunday and Be Kind to Animals Week celebrations will be found in our June number.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell, Incorporated March, 1868
 Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
 ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer
 GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
 PEARBODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

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Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, Methuen

W. W. HASWELL, Superintendent

Taunton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. HOWARD F. WOODWARD, Pres.; MRS. THOS. H. CASWELL, Sec.

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. HARRY COLE, Treas.; MRS. AGNES P. FISHER, Ch. Work Com. First Tuesday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C. KIBBE, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second Thursday.

Fitchburg Branch, Am. Humane Education Soc.—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; CAPT. WILLIAM K. YOUNGLOVE, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers.. 14,685
 Cases investigated..... 413
 Animals examined..... 3,425
 Animals placed in homes..... 193
 Lost animals restored to owners... 66
 Number of prosecutions..... 4
 Number of convictions..... 4
 Horses taken from work..... 13
 Horses humanely put to sleep.... 57
 Small animals humanely put to sleep 1,408

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected..... 68,674
 Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep..... 76

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

A Picture We Dislike to Publish



ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief of Staff
 R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief
 E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
 G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
 T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.
 C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.
 HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.
 H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	828	Cases	2,414
Dogs	606	Dogs	2,006
Cats	211	Cats	366
Birds	5	Birds	29
Goats	3	Goats	5
Horses	2	Horses	3
Monkey	1	Monkeys	2
		Rabbit	1
		Cow	1
		Guinea Pig	1
Operations	926		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar.			
1, 1915		148,361	
Dispensary cases		362,658	
Total		511,019	

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	136
Cases entered in Dispensary	534
Operations	205

The Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will hold open house at the Rest Farm for Horses at Methuen, June 1. Friends and members of the Society are invited.

THIS picture is an illustration of how possible it is under the laws of this Commonwealth for meat utterly unfit for consumption to be passed on to the public. These cattle were found in Southbridge by our representative, Robert L. Dyson, with headquarters in Worcester, on March 12, 1937. They were bought in Woodstock, Connecticut. Unable to stand, they had to be loaded on the truck with block and falls. They were then transported to Auburn, then to Worcester, then back to Southbridge, at which time they were again unloaded with block and falls. They were so emaciated because of being underfed, so weak from suffering and bruises, that our officer had them at once destroyed and the meat condemned.

A complaint was issued against the owner for cruelly transporting, trial was set for March 19, continued by request of the counsel for the defendant, and finally took place April 2. The man pleaded not guilty, was found guilty and was fined \$75, which he paid.

Had our officer not discovered this situation, these poor, sick, starved creatures it was evidently the purpose of the owner to butcher, dress and get the carcasses passed, if possible, for food. How much of this sort of business goes on undiscovered it is impossible to say. However, our officers throughout the state are constantly visiting these small slaughter-houses endeavoring to see that such law as we have for local inspection is observed.

The silkworm really isn't a worm at all but is the larval stage of a moth. The silk is obtained from the cocoon built by the larva as it enters the pupal stage.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Madeline Endicott Boutwell of Boston, Edward L. Giddings of Beverly, Gilman F. Morse of Orange and Agnes M. Lindsay of Bridgewater.

April 13, 1937.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell

Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

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Humane Press BureauMrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary
180 Longwood Ave., Boston**Field Workers of the Society**

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California

Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington

James D. Burton, Harrison, Tennessee

Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia

Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas

Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia

Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark., Virginia

Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois

Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR MARCH, 1937

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 645
Number of addresses made, 345
Number of persons in audiences, 58,841

Safe Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name
Age
Address

One Year's Work

AS an example of what has been accomplished in a distant state by one of the field workers of the American Humane Education Society, we give a summary of the year's work by Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee of Georgia. She reports:

"Traveled 12,309 miles, contacting school authorities and visiting 209 schools, in which 93,770 children were organized into 1,074 Bands of Mercy. Visited six summer schools, where talks were given and literature distributed to 6,000 teachers. Humane pageants were sponsored twice daily for a week at the Northeastern Fair, where 20,000 pieces of humane literature were distributed. Eight other exhibits were held at state and district conferences and conventions. Teachers were aided in putting on plays and programs in the general observance of "Be Kind to Animals Week."

A Much Needed Fund

There are a number of most devoted and faithful humane workers in the service of our own and other similar societies who, in the not distant future, will have to give up their work because of the increasing years. Among these are some whose sacrifices to the cause they have loved and served has made it impossible for them to provide for their declining years.

Such a fund was established with the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. some years ago by a generous friend. The interest from this fund has already been making life's burden of care and anxiety far less heavy for two such workers. Gifts to this fund are greatly needed, and what the income from this fund may mean of relief and comfort to many an unselfish servant of humanity Heaven only will know.

The No-Foreign-War Crusade

On April 6, the twentieth anniversary of America's entrance into "the war to end war," the Emergency Peace Campaign launched its great No-Foreign-War Crusade. Designed to increase and render articulate the deep desire of the American people to stay out of war in either Europe or Asia, the drive was launched by a nation-wide broadcast in which Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, honorary chairman of the Crusade, and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, chairman of the EPC, participated.

For Stamp Collectors

Greek stamps and those of any other Balkan State are sold for the benefit of the Greek magazine, *The Animals' Friend*. If you are a friend of animals and a collector of postage stamps, send your order to the Editor of the magazine, Mr. Charilaos Lagoudakis, 23 Voucourestiou Street, Athens, Greece. Stamp contributions are also gratefully accepted to help in the publication of the *Animals' Friend*. This is not to be confused with the magazine of the same title published for the National Council for Animals' Welfare, London.

"Avo de Campinas"

ALLIS M. HUTCHINGS

ONE of the most interesting personages of the flourishing town of Campinas, Brazil, is Senhora Ferreria, affectionately called by the people, "Avo de Campinas," meaning "grandmother" of their city. She is now in her seventy-seventh year, a widow of wealth, noted for her great philanthropy. During the twenty-five years of her widowhood she has administered the estates of her husband, who was a prosperous coffee planter.

It is her humane and practical sympathy which have endeared her to the hearts of the needy, both black and white. The grassy terrace in front of her house has for many years been a tribunal of mercy. Those in need come and station themselves on the terrace, patiently awaiting her inquiry. If any one is unwise enough to seek her aid with any alcohol at all apparent, he gets nothing, as she is very strong in her temperance ideas.

Her humanity reaches beyond her fellow men to animals and birds. In Campinas burros are commonly used to draw carts or as beasts of burden. Woe be to the man who attempts to whip his animal within the radius of her sympathetic eye. She has been known to take the whip from such a driver and turn it on himself, with no resistance on his part because she is so much beloved in the town.

A practical demonstration of befriending her little brothers and sisters of the air is the shelter in the busy part of the town, which she has erected for them. Its sides are open and they come in great flocks each evening for the night, and are away at dawn to forage in the surrounding coffee and citrus plantations. The air is clouded by their numbers as they come and go but no one ever tries to apprehend them. They are proteges of their dear "Avo de Campinas," which is enough to insure them protection. It is needless to state that there is no humane society necessary in Campinas, because this able and sympathetic woman carries on so valiantly and successfully.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for February, 1937 — 28 Days

Daily average large animals	46.5	\$ 64.94
Forage for same		13.21
Put to sleep	36	6.50
Transportation		
Daily average dogs	2.8	1.84
Forage for same		65.50
Wages, grooms, watchmen and stable-boys		116.50
Superintendent's salary		20.97
Veterinary's salary		20.82
Motor ambulance upkeep }		
Motor bicycle upkeep }		
Sundries (Includes Duval's salary during Delon's absence)		73.71
Actual operating expenses		\$386.99

Entries: 18 horses, 10 mules, 60 donkeys.
Exits: 7 horses, 5 mules, 37 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 73 horses, 73 mules, 69 donkeys, 2 dogs, 1 cat, 1 cow.
Other fondouks visited: 70, all native fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 175 cases investigated, 2,619 animals seen, 517 animals treated, 52 animals transferred to Fondouk Americain, 4 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed.

Summary of Work for Fifteen Days

Fondouks visited	150
Animals inspected	2,270
Animals treated	461
Animals sent to Hospital	30
Pack-saddles destroyed	5

M. S. P. C. A. Opens Clinical Laboratory at Hospital

THE creation of a new clinical laboratory for the purpose of diagnosing disease, at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, operated by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, marks a distinct advance in veterinarian practice in America, if not in the entire world, according to experts familiar with the work.

The laboratory, although not previously announced, has been operating for the past two months and has demonstrated its value in the diagnosis of diseases among animals, which is its sole purpose. It occupies a large room adjacent to the regular clinical rooms and is equipped with apparatus and instruments similar to those found in hospital laboratories dealing with the diseases of human beings.

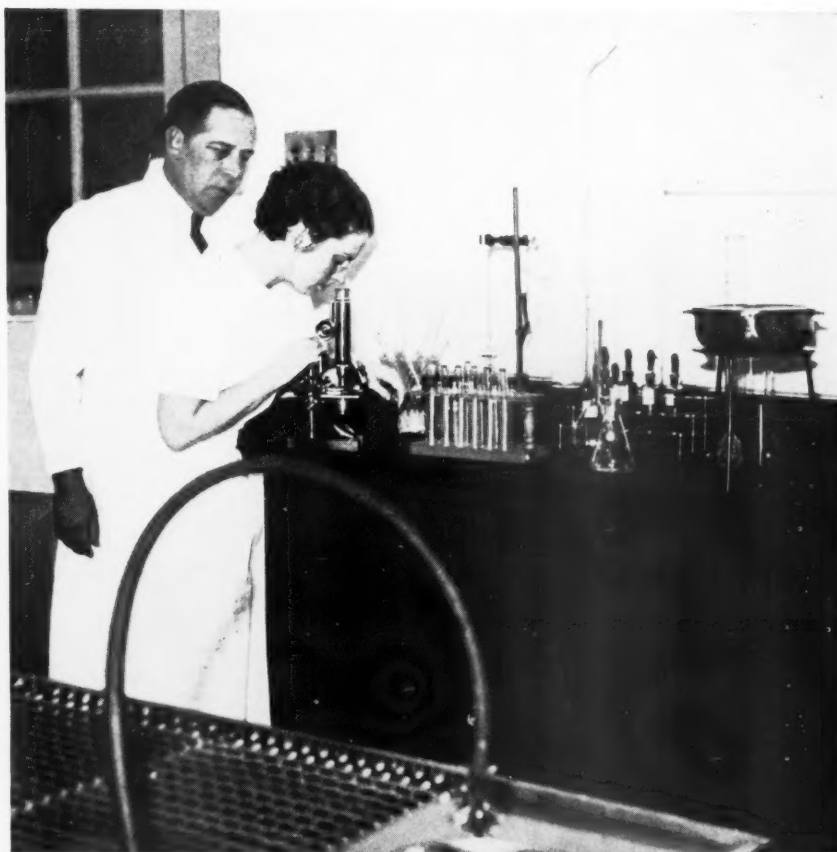
While laboratory work has always been emphasized at the Angell Memorial, the new laboratory is said to be unique among animal hospitals in the completeness of its equipment, and because it is under the direction of a trained technician, just as are hospitals devoted to the treatment of human ills. As a matter of fact, the technician, Miss Norma N. Burton, a Medford young woman, came to the Angell Memorial from the Martha's Vineyard Hospital, where she did similar work. She is a graduate of Acadia College at Wolfville, N. S., and received her technical training at the Boston City Hospital.

Describing the functions of the new department, Dr. Hugh F. Dailey, chief veterinarian, said: "Its purpose is to make the diagnosis of disease as certain as possible, utilizing all the aids that modern equipment affords in the analysis of blood and other fluids and tissues, in the culture and study of bacteria and in microscopic analysis.

"The veterinarian is just as often puzzled by obscure diseases in animals as the physician is in treating human beings, and that is where the diagnostic laboratory comes in. The blood count of white and red corpuscles, for example, may tell quite a different story from what appears in ordinary diagnosis. The average case may be as plain as the nose on your face, and usually is, but occasionally the situation is baffling.

"A few weeks ago we had a very sick female dog here whose kidney excretions indicated nephritis, which in human beings used to be called Bright's disease. The actual analysis, however, did not account for the condition the dog was in, so something else was suspected and a blood count was made. This showed white corpuscles five times in excess of normal, clearly indicating that the animal was fighting a severe infection somewhere else in the body. Further examination disclosed the organ affected. The organ was removed and the dog made a complete recovery. Needless, perhaps, to say, the laboratory saved that dog's life.

"Laboratory examination is important as a means of verifying ordinary diagnosis, putting the seal of approval on it, making assurance doubly sure, by indicating changes in the blood and other fluids dur-



THE NEW CLINICAL LABORATORY FOR THE DIAGNOSIS OF ANIMAL DISEASES ESTABLISHED AT THE ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL, BOSTON, BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD, WITH DR. HUGH F. DAILEY, CHIEF VETERINARIAN, AND MISS NORMA N. BURTON, TECHNICIAN

ing the progress of disease, and it is absolutely necessary in the diagnosis of diseases of the blood itself and of the blood-forming organs.

"In many cases requiring surgical treatment, as where a dog or a cat is suffering from intestinal obstruction, the result of swallowing some foreign substance, laboratory tests of the blood will tell whether an operation can safely be performed, or whether medical treatment is necessary first to get the animal in operable condition.

"These new laboratory facilities, in short, make possible to the animal hospital much the same achievements in diagnosis that modern appliances and methods have conferred upon hospitals generally. The laboratory is a step forward upon the long road toward the highest possible achievement in animal welfare work, and we are naturally proud of the fact that again the Angell Memorial has been privileged to pioneer the way."

The male Siamese fighting fish blows a nest of bubbles to which he carries the eggs as they are laid by the female.

"Lassie"

JUDY VAN DER VEER

"Lassie" is an old dog now,
She barks and twitches in her sleep,
And dreams of helping on the farm,
And bringing home the straying sheep.

She used to follow where I rode,
No trail too long, no hill too high;
She chased the rabbits through the grass,
And made the quail arise and fly.

An old dog's place is by the fire,
And Lassie dreams away the days;
But sometimes softly she will go
To where her long dead puppy plays;

To where the days are sweet and warm,
And puppies tumble in the sun,
And through the tall bright golden grass
Little phantom rabbits run . . .

Thirty hours after the beginning of incubation of a hen's egg the embryonic chick heart starts to beat.

More Changes Needed

WILLIS MEHANNA

THESE are days of changes. Changes in the administration of government. Days of coming justice to the poor and to the common people. It is their government and country and they should have their share of its blessings and benefits.

But it should not stop here. The dumb animals of the country have rights to which they are as much entitled as humans are to theirs. Too much liberty to some is a detriment to them unless they are taught to consider the rights of creatures over which they have authority.

More reforms are needed. Laws should be passed forbidding rodeo performances and other amusements where animals are forced to do stunts they do not want to do and which cause them worry and suffering. Rodeos are not paying ventures. Those who run them nearly always go broke. They are patronized mostly by the unthinking and indifferent whom they make worse. The same is true of county fairs that permit the abuse of animals for the sake of amusing the depraved element.

Our county fair has gone broke and in order to survive must raise fifteen thousand dollars. It is impossible to raise one-fourth that amount. Because of some of the performances it permitted in regard to the mistreatment of animals, people of the right sort would not support it. The right sort of people are greatly in the majority yet they are not always the crusaders for justice they should be. I think no fair at all is better than one that allows barbarities to be practised upon dumb animals.

A grasshopper chews sidewise rather than up and down. He has a pair of horny jaws which are attached at the sides of his head.



Photo by W. Henry Boller

GETTING ACQUAINTED

"Marmion," the Sure-Footed

CLARENCE M. LINDSAY

THE horse, one of the noblest of God's dumb creatures, has figured in many an epic tale; but there are doubtless myriad instances where it has rendered great services to man of which there is no written record.

I am going to tell you the story of "Marmion"—a tale which carries us back to the early days of New Hampshire,—days when dangerous wild beasts might beset the traveler and when raging torrent or swollen stream might work as great havoc as today even if there were no populous towns to be swept away.

Major David Campbell of Henniker Township was a Revolutionary soldier, and Mrs. Campbell (Elizabeth Arbuckle) was known for her skill in ministering to the sick, it seems. Calls for aid were of frequent occurrence, physicians were few, and compounds and extracts from roots and herbs, raised in garden or found in adjacent woodland, proved efficacious.

Probably no housewife in that region was more adept in restoring pioneer folk to health than Elizabeth Campbell, and since calls might come from a long distance her faithful horse, Marmion, (fity named for an owner of probable Scotch ancestry) was doubtless about as well known as she.

The Contoocook River passes through Henniker—look at your map—and in 1780 citizens of Henniker voted to erect a bridge for crossing the river. Where the river was 150 feet wide stone abutments were built at each edge and a stone pier placed mid-way of the stream. "Stringers," so-called, of heavy pine rested on these, flat-surfaced on one side, and on these were thick and heavy planks.

This bridge figures in Marmion's exploit, so it is worth going into particulars about; and it was a "great wonder," with its posts looking like images at regular intervals on either side, to which the railing was bolted.

Years passed and a severe winter came, snow drifting and piling up, but when warm rains came it melted quickly, and the river was turned into a raging torrent, overflowing its banks.

Now, in the midst of the storm came a request to attend a sick woman across the river and several miles from Mrs. Campbell's home. We can imagine that Major Campbell pleaded with his wife not to attempt reaching the patient in the storm, yet she mounted Marmion and set out.

The bridge was above water and seemingly strong; and she managed

to reach the place, stayed for a time and at midnight started to return, the storm still raging, with rain and wind. If she were to stay there the snow might become so soft as to keep her from getting back for a long time.

She went on, big trees roaring, wild beasts making noises which might strike terror to the bravest, and gained the foot of the mountain, traversed the plain and finally came to the overflow of the river.

The end of the bridge was reached, and Marmion halted. In fact, Marmion was not minded to go on, but Mrs. Campbell urged him. "Carry me safely home, for it is high time we were there."

Marmion, even if he considered the proceeding was something not to be thought of by anyone who valued life or limb, nevertheless went on. Mrs. Campbell perceived that the water was now much higher, and indeed her feet were in it as she sat her saddle. The current was swifter, too; and the horse was near losing his footing.

Marmion's rider wondered why her steed took so much time in getting over, for despite the wind and water, one might think that crossing a bridge even partly under water should be accomplished without loitering.

Now the horse nearly went to his knees, stopped, went on once more a short space, then gave a sudden bound and placed his feet on the ground though water was all about him. Up the bank he went and at last gained the Campbell home.

Someone wanted to know how she got across the river.

"On the bridge, of course," she answered. "Why," said Major Campbell, "the planks of the bridge were all washed away, shortly after you crossed it yesterday, and how did you get across?"

She declared that old Marmion was a good while in crossing the river and that she noticed he placed his feet carefully, but what he crossed upon she didn't know.

Examination made later revealed that Marmion had crossed on one of the stringers of the bridge which was still in position! The others had all been washed away!

That was a perilous ride, and if it hadn't been for Marmion it might have been the last one that Mrs. Campbell ever took. But perhaps old Marmion realized how precious was the life of the woman he was bearing; and that there was nothing to do but stay on the wrong side of the stream and freeze, or somehow pick his way across.

Another witness to the intelligence of our dumb friends, and even today Mrs. Campbell's ride may be told at New Hampshire firesides.

The Boston Public Library lecture hall, Copley Square, was filled to capacity Sunday evening, April 11, when Thornton W. Burgess lectured on "Friendly Folk in Fur and Feathers," under the auspices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. His intimate and informative talk, supplemented by fascinating slides and moving pictures, was most heartily welcomed by the enthusiastic audience.

The Other Shepherd

SILENCE BUCK BELLOWS

When glory burst upon Judea's hills,
When trembling shepherds saw the star-
strewn sky

Riven by angel figures, heard the song
Of angel voices on the vibrant air;
When, at the sweet behest, they took their
way

Down to the quiet plains of Bethlehem,
Found the low stable brooded by the star
And stood in awe before the new-born
King—

I like to think that one was left behind
Upon the rocky hillside in the night,
To watch the patient sheep and helpless
lambs,

Huddled and silent on the wintry ground.
His brethren saw the manger and the star,
The Mother, lovely in her tender joy,
The strange, tall kings, who laid their costly
gifts

Humbly before the sorrow-destined Child.
And he? He saw the grasses on the hill
Bending to hearken to the wind's low song,
The blue, far reaches of the quiet night,
And trusting creatures, needful of his care.
I think that he was glad and proud to keep
The mandate of the ages: Feed my sheep.

Bear Retrieves Purse

The following from the *Mail-News* of Los Gatos, California, is vouched for by a correspondent who is personally acquainted with Dr. Harder:

This is a bear, or a bear of a story, just as you like to have it.

Dr. William Harder, who passed his holiday week-end in the Yosemite Valley, where he practiced his profession for some length of time before coming to Los Gatos, is responsible for the details reaching here.

As everybody knows and especially Dr. Harder, who treated more than 200 bear bites and bear scratches while in the valley, bears are as common there as blackbirds.

"They say dogs do almost human acts," began Dr. Harder yesterday, "and I guess they do, but we saw something in the valley which puts the bear in the dog class for intelligence. A couple of weeks before this happened a woman in one of the camps lost her purse, with a little change in it together with a powder puff and a few other trinkets women use to keep their beauty. Just how or where she lost it she had no idea. Anyway, it was gone.

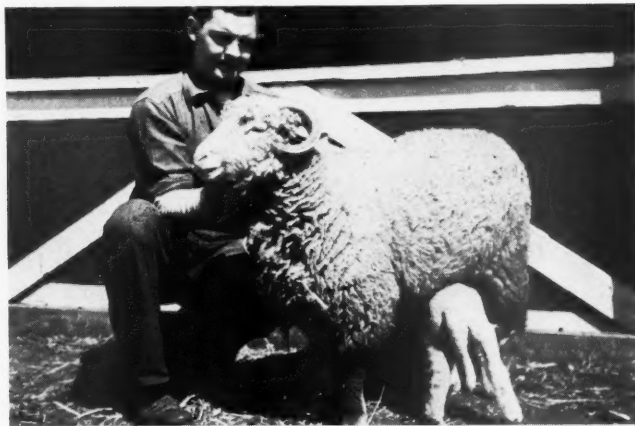
"The day we arrived in the valley she got back her hand luggage, and who do you suppose found it? One of the bears, who evidently found it on one of the trails. Not only did the bear find it, but he walked into camp with the purse hanging from his teeth, and Mr. Bear delivered the purse on the veranda of the house.

"When the bear came marching into camp with the bag suspended from his teeth it gave the campers a thrill."

Dr. Harder said the reason for so many bear bites and scratches was because the campers insist on teasing the animals, and the bears strike back.

..

Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.



AT ATKINSON SHEEP FARM, SUDBURY, MASS.

Its Fleece Was White as Snow

ALETHA M. BONNER

*The Mary's lamb of childish rhyme
(Long since a sheep full grown),
Through constancy to Mary gained
A name that is world known.*

DOWN the living age, lambs have been linked with purity, innocence and play. Of course, there have been "black sheep" in every flock, and it is quite likely that the "wanderers" from the fold of "Mary's" fiction-sister, "Little Bo-Peep," belonged in this questionable class!

Putting aside nursery-rhyme pleasantries, and pursuing the fleecy flocks through pages of history, we find that the domestication of sheep occurred at an early date. In their wild state the creatures were fierce and venturesome; while the domesticated animals are docile and cautious.

From Asia came the first sheep tribes, this country being the home of the large "Marco Polo" type—an animal named for the Venetian merchant of thirteenth century fame, whose extensive journeys in the East brought to the historic page many of the wonders of the, at that time, little-known land.

In Asia many wild breeds roamed the mountain ranges and plateaus, some wearing a bluish coat, and having stout out-curving horns, somewhat resembling the goat. America, too, had a wild breed—those in the Rocky Mountain regions, and because of their massive head appendages, they were given the name of "Big Horn."

Originally sheep were tamed for burden-bearers, as well as for their milk and fleece. Cross-breeding and climatic change wrought with the passing years a great improvement in the life of the animals, as well-developed herds found pleasant pastures in the broad fields of the world.

In Biblical times the sheep-herder lived a nomadic life, as it was necessary for him to move from place to place seeking fresh pasture lands for his flocks. There were grave hazards in tending herds in those days—ravages from wild beasts, raids by alien tribesmen—hence the faithful shepherd's work in guarding his flock from harm has been beautifully symbolized in the religious world.

The most distinctive characteristic of sheep is the herd instinct; and a "follow-the-leader" complex is the predominating force in a flock, for if one sheep pioneers a movement the rest are sure to fall in line. Insomnia sufferers make humorous testimony to the fact that if they can succeed in mentally corralling a flock of sheep, and then have the animals jump over a low brain-wired fence, by counting the participants in this slow-motoned, head-to-tail procession, they (the sleepless ones) are lulled to slumbers!

With further reference to "Mary's Lamb," though its fabled fleece might have been as white as snow, in real life the sheep's coat rarely approaches that color, on account of the accumulation of dust and grease in the wool; hence a yellowish cream is nearer the standard shade.

Apropos the subject of yellow fleece, lovers of mythology recall the story of the intrepid Jason, hero of Greek legend, who, with his faithful Argonauts, sailed from Greece to Colchis in quest of the famous "Golden Fleece," which glittered in the noonday sun, as it hung from the branches of a sacred oak, guarded by a sleepless dragon!

Flesh and blood animals of today possess fleeces of gold; at least, golden in point of commercial value. In well-bred beasts three distinct types of wool are found; such being fine-wool, medium, and long. Spanish Merinos have proved the world's best fine-wool sheep. From England came the long-woolies, certain of these being Leicester, Lincoln and Cotswold. Other breeds which have won world-renown in wool output are the Dorset Horn, the Shropshire, and the Southdown.

According to a shepherd's statement, "sheep can make more different kinds of noise than any animals that live"; they cough, they wheeze, they whimper, while the bleating of a tiny lamb closely resembles a baby's cry. The animals require wide range of pasture, as has been mentioned, also grain and hay are needful items of food. If one wishes a yard to be quickly and closely cropped of grass, a flock of sheep will prove an effective lawn-mower.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Seven hundred and eighty-three new Bands of Mercy were reported during March. Of these, 261 were in Illinois, 85 in Texas, 78 in Maine, 68 in Georgia, 66 in Virginia, 63 in Florida, 56 in South Carolina, 54 in Massachusetts, 31 in Pennsylvania, eight in Newfoundland, six in Tennessee, two each in Michigan and Minnesota, and one each in British West Indies, California and Oregon.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 222,776.

Butterfly

MARGARET GORDON

*O melody of hues that sing
And singing shine!
Can your quick body's fluttering
Be kin to mine?
Bright butterfly, strange perfect thing,
What can you be?
The labyrinth that is your wing.
Amazes me.*

The Turtledove

WILLIS MEHANNA

A GENTLE, affectionate creature that frequents our barn lots, picking up weed seeds and minute animal life such as parasites and insects is a good description of the turtledove. But this does not tell all. There are many sides to the habits and behavior of turtledoves. Their characteristics are numerous. Sometimes these birds nest, sing and live in the deep woods and appear to be wild. On the other hand I have seen their nests in the cornfield right up against a hill of green, growing corn. Frequently they nest in the tangle of vines that cover the porch. Oftentimes they do not build a nest at all but take up quarters in a nest abandoned by a robin or catbird. Usually there are two baby birds and these do not attempt to fly until quite large and are sure they can. I have seen a young dove fly forty rods the first time it tried to fly. In summer doves sit on the comb of my house and sing their cooing song apparently as carefree as could be desired. When the winter is to be a mild one turtledoves will stay in the north availing themselves of the shelter of barns, outbuildings and thick groves but if a severe winter is coming they promptly fly south in the fall, and before very late. I suppose instinct tells them what to do. Although an easy-going bird the turtledove is a weed seed and insect eater. His cooing is soothing and pleasant to hear.



SUMMER FRIENDSHIPS

"Whiskers" and the Police

GEORGE A. MAURER

A LITTLE more than a year ago Police Sergeant William Jester, of Delaware Township, Camden County, New Jersey, answered a telephone call.

"Police Station; Sergeant Jester speaking," said he. "Yes . . . A dog run over on Kings Highway? . . . O. K., I'll be right out."

Finding "Whiskers," a nondescript dog of airedale extraction, suffering from a broken left hip and a fractured jaw, Sergeant Jester took him to headquarters. Here, Chief John Brannin "sentenced" the dog to be "put out of his misery," naming Jester as the executioner.

Behind the police station, Sergeant Jester pulled his revolver. But when Whiskers raised a pair of kindly, pleading eyes, the gun was lowered and jammed back into its holster. In place of the weapon, splints and bandages were put into service. Tenderly, patiently, the sergeant nursed Whiskers back to health—to become the mascot of the police force and later, also, pet of the women of a PWA sewing project occupying the same building.

Recently Whiskers fell asleep under an automobile that had a leaking battery. The acid dropped upon him, and he was burned severely. But the dog once condemned to die had many friends now. He was rushed to a veterinary hospital, and the police and women of the sewing project quickly contributed to a fund for his care.

Again Whiskers' life has been spared, and he is repaying his benefactors with his cheery barks and other canine ways.

If animal lovers wish to commend Sergeant William Jester and his fellow officers, they may be addressed to Police Station, Ellensburg, Delaware Township, Camden County, N. J.

All insects aren't bugs, but all bugs are insects. Bugs have long, sucking beaks rather than chewing mouth-parts.

Ladybugs are being cultivated to help man in his fight against insect pests. Ladybugs destroy aphids and scale insects.

"Blackie" and the Deer

F. H. SIDNEY

BLACKIE is a Belgian sheep dog owned by Hugh S. Betts, chief of police of the town of Harvard, Massachusetts. There's a big buck deer that hides in the woods, in a secret place known only to Chief Betts and to his faithful dog Blackie.

Every day Blackie rushes off into the woods to play and gambol with his strange playmate, a big, wild, handsome buck deer. Chief Betts suspected Blackie was up to something for the dog would rush off into the woods every morning and stay for an hour or so, then come back pretty well tired. So one day his owner followed him.

Chief Betts tracked Blackie about a mile into the woods to a thick growth of pines, moving to the leeward side so that the scent of his body would not carry to whatever animal happened to be in there. He crept close enough to see what was going on. Blackie was gamboling and playing with a big buck who seemed to enjoy it immensely, for he, too, jumped and gamboled, never trying once to gore the dog with his antlers.

The Belgian sheep dogs are trained, of course, to work with sheep, and that is no doubt the reason why Blackie played with the deer rather than trying to molest it.

The Belgian sheep dog or Groendael, is a member of the shepherd family. His large size, graceful carriage and otherwise attractive appearance, as well as his splendid disposition, make him a very desirable family dog.

He is a native of Belgium and is used for herding purposes. He has been trained for Red Cross duty, guard duty, and also has been taken into the home as a pet and companion. His early history dates back many generations. No doubt he is closely related to the German shepherd on one side, having been developed from that time along the special lines that we now know.

At one time the now totally extinct heath hen was so plentiful that servants, in binding themselves out for service, stipulated that they were not to be fed the flesh of the heath hen more than a certain number of times each week.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Loyalty

ALMA FLAKOLL

"We want a dog!" my children said,
When they were eight and twelve;
Within the volume "Care of Dogs"
They soon began to delve.
"We're ready now," they said one day,
"To get a little chow,
We've learned just how to feed him
And to teach him how to bow!
He'll have good manners, we are sure,
And follow every rule."
So "Smoky" came to live with us—
But one day ran to school.
He ran between the rows of desks,
He sniffed the children's feet,
They laughed aloud in happy mood
As he tore by each seat.
The teacher was disgusted—
"We'll have to call the pound.
This is a place for children,
We can't have dogs around!"
Then courage born of love
Came into Adrian's heart.
He stood right up and spoke aloud
"My dog and I won't part!"
He got his jacket and his cap
Without a further sound,
Then stood and waited with his dog
For the master from the pound.
The teacher felt a bit chagrined
Her thoughts began to roam;
She smiled at last, then sweetly said,
"Now you may take him home!"

Anna Sewell's Pony

ONE day Anna Sewell, a little English girl, was running down a hill to escape a thunderstorm. She fell and broke her ankle, and ever after that she was more or less an invalid, writes Lois Snelling in *Young Catholic Messenger*.

Though she could not run any more, Anna could sit in the little cart that the family owned and drive the pony of which she was so fond. Every day she drove out over the quiet country roads, and on these drives she did a lot of thinking. Most of her thoughts centered around the pony. For Anna was considering writing a book about a horse, and her inspiration came from her own little pony!

Year after year passed and Anna kept storing up material about horses. Then at last she commenced her work on the story, which she named "Black Beauty." It took a number of years to write this book which we all love so much, for by this time the frail author had become bedridden and could write only a few paragraphs at a time. But when "Black Beauty" was finally completed and published, Anna had the pleasure of seeing it immediately become very popular throughout England, and later throughout the world.



FIVE-YEAR-OLD DONNA AND HER PONY
VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON

The Mouse with a Sweet Tooth

MABEL L. BOLT

MICE have always terrified me but they do not any longer. A mouse, single-handed or single-hearted, personally looked after that, thus endearing himself not only to me but to the entire family. He is an ordinary field mouse, gray in color, but with the manners of a little gentleman. He has been my visitor for two consecutive years. The first year we noticed his preference for crab-apple jelly. He always took his nibble from the same jar, not dreaming to touch the others or of feasting on apples, oranges and potatoes that were standing about. He might have changed his diet but never did, for a nibble of crab-apple jelly a day seemed to satisfy him. He left in the spring when the jar was empty. This fall, to our surprise, he reappeared, repeating the same jelly maneuver. So far, he has emptied about one-eighth of the jar, eating the paraffin trimming as well. We cannot bear to set a trap. We invite him to return another year. There always is room in a large house for a gentleman mouse.

Answers to "Hidden Birds" puzzle last month: 1. Linnet. 2. Cardinal. 3. Kingfisher. 4. Bobwhite. 5. Redstart. 6. Martin. 7. Snipe. 8. Redwing. 9. Ostrich. 10. Nightingale. 11. Swallow. 12. Sandpiper.

They Stopped the Clock

LOIS LADUE

HERE is a case where birds interfered in the "march of time."

The city hall in our city of Paterson is a large building occupying the space of a block. It is three stories high above the ground and has a clock tower, rising still higher, in the center of it. This tower is very prominent and conspicuous with plenty of empty space around it due to the wide spread of the building below. At the top of the tower is the clock which is to figure prominently in a later paragraph.

Every evening, early or late depending on the time of the year, birds come from all parts of the city and outlying suburbs to gather on the city hall and on the buildings around it. They come in great droves, starlings and English sparrows, and perch themselves on every available ledge. The chattering they make is so loud that it can be heard in the streets above the noise of autos and pedestrians. Many passers-by, even those familiar with the scene, stop and stare up at the sky to watch the birds flying in and out and darting back and forth between buildings. It is a friendly scene and one enjoyed by the citizens of Paterson, though several years ago, a situation arose which for a time dimmed the popularity and even threatened the extinction of the birds.

The special goal of these nightly visitors is the clock which is illuminated and thus doubly attractive. Several years ago, the citizens of Paterson noticed that this clock had a habit of stopping around a certain hour every day. For some time this occurrence was a subject of puzzlement. Finally it was discovered that groups of birds, gathering in the early evening on the hands of the clock, caused them to stop! This was regarded as quite a joke but it didn't stop the birds from stopping the clock. The citizens of Paterson decided that serious steps must be taken.

A conference was held and as the upshot of it, rockets were sent up to burn the birds out. The shamefulness of this act was lessened by the fact that the birds, starlings and English sparrows often cause our loved song birds to desert the neighborhood the former frequent. The rockets, however, proved ineffective, for in a short while, the birds were right back again stopping the clock!

By this time, the matter had attracted great interest and had even broken into the newspapers. Another conference was held and this time a more humane plan was hit upon. Why not do something to keep the birds off the clock without keeping them off the rest of the building? A close wire frame was placed over the clock's face!

This plan has proved as effective as the other was ineffective and the birds no longer interfere with the "march of time." The honest citizens of Paterson can now enjoy their cheerful maneuverings and yet take advantage of the service rendered by the clock.

A male wren won't allow any other male wrens in his chosen territory, which may be an acre or more in size.

The Doe

JOHN RITCHEY

*Frailly and framed in light she stood,
With lovely hazel eyes, to brood*

*Upon the slanting snow that made
Her field a frozen ghostly glade.*

*And as for food the icy ground
Little yielded, little found,*

*Became a famine and the white
Scarcely changed the dark from light.*

*She stood and dreamed of golden sun
And apple shoots and speckled fawn.*

*She moved and snow fell on her shoulder,
Her eyes were hungry now and older.*

Reception to Mrs. Fisher

THE Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. held a reception and afternoon tea for Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 6, at headquarters, 180 Longwood Avenue, with Mrs. Charles Staniek as chairman of the general committee. The regular business meeting was held at two o'clock with the reception following. There was music and an interesting movie entertainment. Members of the Auxiliary and others interested in the work were cordially welcomed by President Edith Washburn Clarke and her committee, and given an opportunity to inspect the Angell Animal Hospital.

Mrs. Fisher is now the oldest living member of the Women's Auxiliary, and at eighty-seven years of age is still the active head of the work committee, which makes the gauzes, pillows and bandages used in the hospital. She was one of the charter members when the Auxiliary was organized, seventeen years ago, and has been chairman of her committee ever since.

Assisting Mrs. Staniek on the committee were Mrs. John A. Dykeman, Mrs. George Ramlose, Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt, Mrs. Willard C. Bliss, Mrs. Harry Cole, Mrs. Edward C. Brown, Mrs. Herbert E. Prescott, Mrs. William J. McDonald, Mrs. Edward K. Bennett, Mrs. William W. Haswell, Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, Mrs. George B. Suder, Mrs. Richard Taylor, Mrs. William J. Underwood, Mrs. Christine N. Walker, and Mrs. Frank Towne.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

THE DOG OWNER'S HANDBOOK, by Fredson Thayer Bowers.

A survey of the contents of this well made and "guaranteed" dog book is sufficient to recognize its value to all dog owners, present and prospective. It is written by one who has been a long-time owner, breeder, exhibitor and licensed judge of dogs, which fact gives it its best guaranty of authenticity. It covers the essential and important points in relation to the principal breeds that are recognized in this country; the information is presented in definite form; it is divested of technicalities, and by so much it is made of practical service to those who seek the best advice and enlightenment.

The dogs themselves are classified into seven groups and each individual breed is treated under the following topical order, which, we think, is an excellent one: origin, original purpose, present use, place best suited for, height, weight, and color, special characteristics, special care, points in a puppy and, lastly, the average minimum price. This portion of the book should answer a multitude of questions that may arise in the mind of any prospective dog purchaser, or of one who is in doubt about the right dog for him to select. Other chapters discuss the feeding, care, training and showing of the dog, and finally a long list of miscellaneous but pertinent questions that commonly arise are well answered.

There are thirty-two pages of select photographs which illustrate the best examples of the breeds described.

273 pp. \$2.75. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

Our Dumb Animals

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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